

## Trescott's Graduation.

By JAMES CHAMBERS.

Copyrighted, 1927, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Trescott clipped the advertisement from the paper and tucked it into his pocketbook. He had about made up his mind to go to one of the fashionable resorts for his month's vacation, but this appealing advertisement decided him.

It was just a few lines of small type, but every sentence painted alluringly the delights of a summer on a farm and announced that Elm farm was to be rented for the month of August at an extremely reasonable rate.

Trescott wrote to "E. Marsden, agent," and the answer decided him. He could have a far better time than he would be his if cooped up in some stuffy room at an expensive hotel, and the thought of a whole house to himself for an entire month was attractive after having occupied the tiny bedroom and parlor of a bachelor apartment for eleven months. So Marsden engaged to have the farmhouse put in proper order by the first Saturday in August.

It was with pleasant anticipation that Trescott climbed into the backboard that met him at the station. The farm was a comfortable-looking place, some fifteen acres in extent, and bordering a small lake. The house, a two story frame, was painted, and beds of flowers made the front yard gorgeous.

Inside it was the pink of cleanliness, but the place struck a chill to his soul. The arrangement of the furniture reminded him of the cheap boarding house in which he had spent his first years in the city, and try as he would he could not alter the gaunt arrangement of the place. He had sent some money to the agent with the request that some simple groceries be put in, and he had no trouble in getting his supper, but the moment the meal was



"YOU CAN HELP!" SHE CONCEDED, WITH A SMILE.

over and the dishes washed he went out of doors to smoke his pipe. He did not enter the place again until it was time to seek the chill bedroom. It was raining the next morning, and he spent a most miserable day roaming about the dreary rooms and wishing for the Sunday papers. He had a couple of books in his satchel, but he could not make himself comfortable enough to read, and, after vainly seeking to change the furniture about into some semblance of comfort, he gave it up and dragged an old rocker out to the lawn. Here, at least, he felt less oppressed by the dreariness of it all.

He spent a fairly comfortable afternoon and was just about to rouse himself to go in and prepare supper when the sound of wheels caught his ear, followed in a moment by the jangle of the doorbell.

He raced across the yard and through the house to present himself at the door. A young girl stood on the porch, while an elderly woman sat in the covered buggy.

"Good afternoon," was her brisk greeting. "Is Mrs. Trescott at home?" "There isn't any Mrs. Trescott," she said, with a laugh, "unless you mean my mother. She is in England just now."

"I am Miss Marsden," she explained. "I drove out to get acquainted and see how you liked the place. I supposed, of course, that there was a family."

"There isn't any family," he said, "and I don't like the place. Of all the dismal places I was ever in this is the worst. I was going in to tell your brother so in the morning. 'Comfortable and homelike,' he quoted from the advertisement. 'And he promised to have it all fixed up.'"

"There was a woman here all day Friday," the girl said. "Didn't she clean up properly?"

"She cleaned up," he conceded, "but I can't make the place look homelike. I shiver every time I look at it. I'm going to change the name and call it Lemon farm instead."

"I guess it's not as bad as that," she said, with a rippling laugh. "I thought there would be a woman in the family to make things look 'homey,' so I did not come myself. May we come in?"

He stood aside in silent invitation. He followed them into the house, and his admiration for the personality of the brisk young woman increased as she rapidly moved from room to room, giving the touch here and there that was needed to transform the apartments.

"You're a magician," he declared as, with a final pat to the sofa pillows, she transformed the parlor and moved into the dining room. "Now it looks like a place to be lived in."

"It's the purely feminine touch that no bachelor can acquire," she said, with a little laugh. "If I had known that you were alone, I should have been out yesterday morning before you arrived."

"I'm glad you waited," he said simply. "Won't you and your mother stay to supper? I can cook if I can't keep house. I will put the horse up and you can telephone your brother."

"I am 'E. Marsden,'" she explained. "I have no brother. When father died I decided to keep up the business. Eva Marsden did not look very well, and, besides, people do not like to do business with a woman. So, between the simple initial and a typewriter, I manage to get along."

"You should come to town," he advised, "and call yourself a 'home-maker.' It ought to be worth a lot of money."

"That might be profitable in winter," she agreed. "Perhaps I will try it."

"But in the meantime, supper," he insisted. "I'll look after the horse. There are a couple of magazines you might care to look at while I am gone. I shall not be long."

He dashed out to get the horse under cover. He returned the back way and surprised the girl bustling about the kitchen.

"You can help," she conceded, with a smile, "but I just know that you can't make biscuits."

"But I can," he boasted. "I'll show you some day. Meantime I'll make the coffee and put the things on the table."

"The table is all set," she cried. "You must think me a very slow house-keeper."

"It takes me longer than that," he admitted, "though I suppose that practice makes perfect, and before long I shall be able to do as well as you."

"I'll come to tea on your last night here and let you give a graduation exhibition," she promised, with a laugh. "Meantime you might get some fresh water."

Trescott was sorry to see them drive off, but the girl left behind the faint memory of her presence, and the place seemed homelike at last.

Trescott saw much of the Marsdens in the days that followed, and long before the end of his month he had come to love the light hearted girl who had faced the world so bravely when necessity demanded.

The vacation drew to a close all too soon, and Trescott insisted upon holding Eva to her promise to attend his graduation exhibition. Afterward they sat out under the trees while Mrs. Marsden drowsed contentedly upon the porch.

"Have you been thinking over that homelike proposition?" he asked. Eva looked up, with a smile.

"I think I lack the courage to make a try," she confessed. "It has been very easy here. It is best to leave well enough alone."

"Do you think you would care to take on a single contract?" he suggested. "You have spoiled me for a bachelor apartment."

"I might help you get started in a flat," she agreed. "I usually take a vacation after the summer season is over. I could help you buy your things and settle them."

"But I should want you to stay and help use them," he explained—"to be a perpetual homemaker to one lone bachelor. What do you say, dear?"

"I think," she whispered, "that I should like that plan better than the first."

"Then seal the contract with a kiss," pleaded Trescott.

Musculum Law Against Painting. "Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Musculum customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an impression, not a reproduction, of one of Allah's realities." Good Musculums do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities," yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems I saw were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Alas Hannum, you are an artist."

"Pray, pray, young Hannum," she protested, a little frightened, I thought, "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio containing several pastels and water colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them. Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell, but they were full of life and happiness.

The curious part was that whenever she painted any outdoor life she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.—Demetra Vaka Brown in Appleton's.

More Appropriate. Reggy Sapp—The idea of Miss Wase leaving me and saying she had other fish to fry! Do you think that was proper?

Miss Tabasco—I should say not! She should have said she had other lobsters to broil.—Chicago News.

The Game of Den. Den is an out of doors game. Each boy represents some wild beast and has a separate tree or post which stands for his "den."

Any player who leaves his den is liable to be tagged by any one who has started out at a later moment. The best runner usually ventures first, a second pursues him, and so on until possibly all may be out at once. If a player can tag any one whom he has a right to capture, he takes him home to his own den, and the captive must help him take the rest.

The pursuer cannot be tagged while bringing home his prisoner.

Decidedly Slouchy. "No," said Nuritch, "I ain't no dude. Clothes don't make the man, you know."

"No," replied Peppy, "but many of you self made men look as if you had also made the clothes."—Philadelphia Press.

## TAX DISCUSSIONS

### Farmers Have a Parliament On Ohio's Tax Laws.

The farmers of the state are convinced that Ohio's taxation system is wrong. At the last meeting of the State Tax Commission, the agriculturalists appeared before that body to urge reforms. After the prepared addresses were delivered and which have been published in these columns, those present entered into animated discussion of the subject.

"I have listened all the afternoon," said C. M. Freeman, Tippecanoe City, Secretary National Grange, and have not changed my mind a bit. I do not believe we are a state of perjurers. I believe we are honest and that our government is not a failure. I would never put my hand to a document that says, 'We have found a state of perjury and are going to legalize it.'"

Dr. W. I. Chamberlain, editor of the Ohio Farmer, replied, "We have failed for 56 years to tax intangible property. It seems to me that we farmers could agree after this long trial that the plan we thought would work, but never has worked and never will work as long as you try to tax money at 100 per cent, and other property at 30 to 40 per cent of its true value. We have fought it out on this line for 56 winters and 56 summers, and we want a change. We want a wise commission that will adjust the details of taxation, and shall tax all tangible property once and prevent double taxation. I don't say our government is a failure, but wouldn't it be well to change our base and take a new line of attack?"

"Facts speak arguments," said Mr. T. A. Derthick, of Mantua, Master of Ohio State Grange. "The entire county of Cuyahoga returned in 1905 \$62,000,000, while in the banks of Cleveland alone there was deposited about \$300,000,000. Mr. Bradtke called attention to the fact that Probate court paid on a larger personal duplicate than Cuyahoga or Hamilton."

Mr. C. P. Dyer, Marietta: "Energy and determination are good things, but if we amend the constitution and do not attempt to assess notes, mortgages or any stock we would have ample opportunity for all enthusiasm and energy to get a fair valuation on the tangible property of the state."

"Do you think it wise to legislate into the constitution limitations to the classification of various kinds of property," asked Attorney General Ellis of Dr. Chamberlain.

Dr. Chamberlain: "I do not think we can legislate any more wisely for the people 30 or 50 years hence than our fathers did for us. Generally speaking, I do not believe it wise to legislate into the constitution."

H. P. Miller, Sunbury: Three bases of taxation have been in operation. First, the theory that government exists for the protection of property, therefore the general property tax, against which all are protesting today and confessing its inefficiency after an experience of 56 years.

Second, that the government exists for the individual, hence the poll tax, and the propositions for income and inheritance taxes, with all their costly machinery for collection of funds.

Third, natural wealth, the coal, iron, oil, gas in the earth, timber on the land, the possibilities of the crops in the earth. By going directly to the natural sources of wealth the cumbersome machinery of collection is done away with. All here this afternoon have tried how to get more things on the duplicate. I would exactly reverse that and reduce the subjects and take those which are the natural sources of all our wealth. I would favor a non-partisan tax commission whose business it is to know the expenses for the state. They know the amount of property by a frequent appraisal and could establish a rate to meet the needs. Remove the obstacles to scientific system of taxation, reduce the cost of administering, not try to get intangibles for they will lie about them. Get the natural sources of all our wealth.

I would favor a more frequent appraisal. My farm lying near the town is more valuable than if five miles away. An electric road would increase its value. This tract north of the statehouse was gotten by a man by chance. The capital and the city were built, not through his work, but chance. Society has increased the value of his land; he has no moral right to all this unearned increment. It belongs to those who made it valuable, society. Let him return to society something of the value it has made in the shape of taxes.

KANSAS EXEMPTS STATE AND LOCAL BONDS FROM TAXATION.

The definition of "personal property" in the tax law of Kansas included, until this year, the words, "all bonds." As reenacted at the recent session, those words are omitted, and while there is no specific mention in the list of exemptions of state and local bonds, they are exempted from taxation under section 15 of the act concerning assessment and taxation (ch. 408, laws of 1907). This section reads as follows:

"No person shall be required to list for taxation any state, county, city, school district and municipal bonds of the state of Kansas, or other evidences of indebtedness of municipal corporations of this state."

Found At Last. J. A. Harmon, of Lizmore, West Va., says: "At last I have found the perfect pill that never disappoints me; and for the benefit of others afflicted with torpid liver and chronic constipation, will say: take Dr. King's New Life Pills." Guaranteed satisfactory. 25c at Wm. Kipp's Sons' drug store.

## MUNICIPAL UNLAW.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Judging from the reports that reach us from various parts of the country as to the condition of civic lighting companies and wilted water plants, we shall soon be relieved of the stigma placed upon us by the British visitor to this country who declared that we had no impressive ruins to attract the traveler. Would it not be a good plan for some munificent millionaire to buy up a few of these, transfer them to the banks of the Hudson and thus put that beautiful waterway into the running in the matter of legendary interest of the Rhine? A few moss and ivy covered ruins of this kind would add much to the scenic beauty of the picturesque river and doubtless inspire our literati with ghastly legendary lore that will make those old stories of the Rhine look like a mark and a half. Here indeed is a chance for Mr. Andrew Carnegie to do something to beautify his adopted native land and to fill the shelves of his many libraries as well with good reading at one fell swoop.

The increase of the public debt of Birmingham, England, from \$4,000,000 in the early seventies of the last century to \$75,000,000, according to the last available figures, shows how completely municipal ownership wipes out a debt of that kind. Alongside of \$75,000,000, a paltry sum of \$4,000,000 is not only wiped out, but actually annihilated.

The police of Chicago were assessed in the last elections to pay the expenses of the municipal ownership campaign. This is another point in favor of a comprehensive system of public ownership. After awhile, with the motormen, conductors, watermen, gasmen, ditch diggers, linemen, electricians, and so on, to assess for similar purposes, the public will doubtless enjoy free elections. One might almost hope that such a fund as this would wax so great that after elections are over there would be a balance left to declare a municipal dividend with the byproducts of the municipal ownership idea grow daily more and more interesting, not to say alluring.

It is nonsense to say that municipal ownership breeds socialism. On the contrary, it is driving people back to individualism. In some European cities people who used to patronize the trolleys now walk because they wish to get where they are going along lines of least official resistance. And in Valley City, N. D., the quality of the service of the public gas plant has driven a number of business men to install gasoline lighting systems of their own on their premises.

Muncie, Ind., has abandoned her lighting plant, but consoles herself with the thought that her bonds remain. As the poet said, or would have said if he had thought of it:

Old ties are hard to sever.  
Other ties endure forever.

The city fathers of Brunswick, Mo., have just done a good stroke of business in selling its lighting plant for 35 cents on the dollar, taking pay in light and water. It is fortunate it wasn't a municipal bakery. It would be hard to pay for that by sending large drafts of rhubarb pie and cream cakes to the city treasury, to say nothing of the risk Brunswick would incur of a sudden attack of civic indigestion running into chronic appendicitis from overindulgence in doughnuts. Operations upon the body politic are dangerous things, since the patient is apt to experience ill effects from taking gas.

Can't Do It by Statute. Any corporation is entitled to a fair return on all its legitimate investments over and above all expenses when these are carefully and economically administered. There are some corporations which are undoubtedly overcharging the public, but there are more whose stock has never paid any dividends whatever, and only an unfortunate aggravation of the present strained relations existing between the people and the public service corporations can result from the expectation of the former that they can through legislative action obtain a universal reduction in the charges made by such corporations.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

A Danger to Be Avoided. If a city is not well governed, municipal ownership is the most dangerous thing imaginable and should be carefully avoided. There is always the danger that the public utilities the city is supposed to own will become nothing more or less than the private property of the people at the head of the government, who will work to their own advantage and the enhancement of their private wealth.—William T. Stead.

Only as a Last Resort. Any city which is getting fair treatment from a privately owned plant should eschew municipal ownership. Except under unusually favorable conditions—conditions that promise to make the proposed plant a positive money earner—municipal ownership should be only a last resort.—Marquette (Mich.) Journal.

Political M. O. Machines. Municipal ownership of street railways, gas and electric lighting means an enormous political machine with thousands of employees to be voted at the behest of some political party.—Mayor Mahool of Baltimore.

CANTORIA. The King You Never Thought of. Bears the Signature of Charles H. H. H. H.

The Journal and Cincinnati Post both a year for \$2.50.

Subscribe to the Greenville Journal

### The American Boy

A Profusely Illustrated Monthly for BOYS.

Without Question the Most Entertaining and Practical Magazine in the World for Young Americans.

COVERS IN COLORS.  
36 Pages, size of Ladies' Home Journal.

Serial and Short Stories by Stratemeyer, Tomlinson, Trowbridge, Munroe, Shute and others, the best writers for boys in the world.

Departments relating to all Boy Hobbies, edited by experts.

It preaches the religion of "DO," and not that of "DON'T."

Is doing more for the Uplift and Encouragement of Boys than any other agency.

Approved by parents and educators. Boys (250,000 of them) everywhere enthusiastic for it.

The subscription price of The American Boy is \$1.00 per year.

The American Boy (1 year)	\$1.00
Greenville Journal (1 year)	1.00
Total	\$2.00

**BOTH FOR \$1.65**

Address THE JOURNAL.

## OUR CLUBBING LIST.

The following special offers are made to both old and new subscribers to this paper who desire to subscribe also for one of the following publications for 1902.

We cannot mail sample copies of any paper except this paper. Requests for samples of others must be sent direct to the office of the paper wanted, if we cannot supply them to you in person at this office.

The figures in the first column show the regular price of this paper and the publication named.

Figures in the second column show the price at which the publication named and this paper will both be sent for one year.

WEEKLIES.	
Ohio Farmer.....	\$2.00 \$1.65
Weekly Gazette, Cincinnati, O.....	1.50 1.25
New York Tribune Farmer.....	2.00 1.50
The Independent, New York City.....	3.00 2.85
Schenectady American, New York City.....	4.00 3.50
Kansas City Star.....	1.25 1.15
Inter Ocean, Chicago, Ill.....	2.00 1.40
Goodwill Farmer and Weekly Improver's Journal, Chicago.....	2.50 1.25
Toledo Blade.....	2.50 1.80
New York Press, Sunday only.....	3.50 2.50
SEMI-WEEKLIES.	
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	2.00 1.60
DAILIES.	
Dayton Daily Journal.....	3.00 2.50
Dayton Evening Herald.....	3.00 2.00
Dayton Daily News.....	3.00 2.50
Cincinnati Post.....	3.00 2.50
New York Daily Press.....	6.50 4.40
Daily and Sunday Press.....	7.50 6.50
Daily Ohio State Journal.....	3.50
MONTHLIES.	
Cosmopolitan Magazine.....	2.00 1.80
Vick's Magazine.....	1.50 1.10
McCall's Magazine.....	1.50 1.30
Fr. R. Hicks' Word and Works and Almanac.....	2.00 1.70
Poultry News.....	1.00 1.10
The American Boy.....	2.00 1.65
The North American Farmer.....	2.00 1.45
Woman's Home Companion.....	2.00 1.40
Ugman's Magazine.....	1.50 1.25
Our Dumb Animals.....	1.50 1.25

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

## KIRK HOFFMAN.

Attorney-at-Law.

All business conducted with my care will receive prompt attention.

OFFICE.—Room 2, Weaver Block, Broadway.

GEORGE A. JOSES,

Attorney at Law

Suite 5 New Anderson Block,

Phone 353. Greenville, O.

HENRY M. COLE,

Attorney at Law.

Office—In Allen Block, upstairs, opposite

Second National Bank.

KILL THE COUGH

AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's

New Discovery

FOR COUGHS

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY

OR MONEY REFUNDED.

PATENTS

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents